

**UNDERTAKING PARLORS**

THE W. M. LEWIS COMPANY. The only exclusive undertakers in Las Vegas.  
Both Phone Office and Residence 610 Lincoln Avenue

**THE LOBBY RESTAURANT AND CAFE**

Short Orders and Regular Dinners

THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE ALWAYS HANDLED

**SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY****CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M.**

Regular communication first and third Thursday in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

**LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2, Knights Templar.**

Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. C.; Charles Tamme, Recorder.

**LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 2, ROYAL ARCH MASONS.**

Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

**EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1, Knights of Pythias.**

Meet every Monday evening in Casino Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. J. F. Sackman, Chancellor; W. D. Kennedy, Keeper of Record and Seal.

**BALDY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA.**

Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Chas. Trumble, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

**REBEKAH LODGE, I. O. O. F.**

Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Pepard, V. G.; Mrs. A. F. Dally, Secretary; Adelaide Smith, Treasurer.

**S. P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS**

each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

**EASTERN STAR, REGULAR COMMUNICATION**

second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

**I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4.**

Meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. George Lewis, N. G.; C. W. McAllister, V. G.; J. Werts, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, cemetery trustee.

**FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102.**

Meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804.**

Meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

**S. P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS**

each month, at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

**WEDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD HALL**

every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth run. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwag. James R. Lowe, sachem; Walter H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

**S. E. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B.**

Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenclay, president; Rabbi J. S. Rabin, secretary.

**PHYSICIANS.****DR. E. L. HAMMOND**

DENTIST

Suite 4, Crockett Building. Both phones at office and residence.

**DR. G. L. JENKINS**

DENTIST

Over Hedgcock's Shoe Store Phone Vegas 79

**F. R. LORD, DENTIST**

(Successor to Dr. R. M. Williams)

Office Pioneer Building, over Grand Leader. Rooms 3 and 4. Phone Main 57.

**ATTORNEYS.****GEORGE H. HUNKER**

Attorney at Law

Office: Veeder Block, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

**GEORGE E. MORRISON**

Civil Engineer and Surveyor

Office: Wheeler Bldg. E. Las Vegas

**J. THORNHILL, Florist**

Floral Designs for Weddings, Parties, Funerals, etc. Out Flowers always on hand.

**TREES PRUNED AND GARDENING**

attended to.

Phone Main 167. 506 Grand Ave., Opposite San Miguel Bank. East Las Vegas, N. M.

The fellow who never pays anything else will pay attention to an heiress.

**Sore Nipples**

Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. For sale by all dealers.

Many a fellow has more money than brains who isn't rich.

**The Big Head**

is of two kind—conceit and the big head that comes from a sick headache. Does your head ever feel like a gourd and your brain feel loose and sore? You can cure it in no time by acting on your liver with Ballard's Herbine. Isn't it worth trying for the absolute and certain relief you'll get? Center Block Depot Drug Co.

Naturally the rounder is not a many-sided man.

**Stomach Troubles.**

Many remarkable cures of stomach troubles have been effected by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One man who had spent over two thousand dollars for medicine and treatment was cured by a few boxes of these tablets. Price 25 cents. Samples free at all drug stores.

It is much easier to go to law than to get back.

**Could Not Be Better.**

No one has ever made a salve, ointment, lotion or balm to compare with Buchen's Arnica Salve. Its the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, eczema, salt rheum. For sore eyes, cold sores, chapped hands its supreme. Infallible for piles. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

The milkman is sometimes also an advocate of pure water.

Many weak, nervous women have been restored to health by Foley's Kidney Remedy, as it stimulates the kidneys so they will eliminate the waste matter from the blood. Impurities depress the nerves, causing nervous exhaustion and other ailments. Commence today and you will soon be well. Pleasant to take. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

**The Bribing of the Senator**

By JOSEPHINE DIXON

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Old Mrs. Higgins put the dish of fried apples in the center of the table. She drew up a chair for Hiram and another for herself. She wiped her mouth with her apron, concealing as best she could the removal of her false plate. Calling her husband from the woodshed, she waited, with her eyes fixed anxiously on the plate of apples, until he appeared. When he was seated at the head of the table she motioned him to say grace.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," said the old man, solemnly; "praise him for these bounties; praise him for our good appetites; praise him for our good digestion; and, oh, Lord, make us use our strength for thy glorification, and if it be thy will, put it into the hearts of the legislators of our country to allow our claim, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," echoed the woman. She passed the dish of apples to him, and he helped himself to about a shovelful. One or two long strings fell on the clean cloth, and he scraped them up with his knife and conveyed them to his mouth. Mrs. Higgins filled her plate, and, leaning well over the table, ate industriously.

"I've been going over the ground again," he remarked, after a pause, "and I'm pretty sure we've got the claim. It'll mean not only the money, but a good stretch of land down as far as the creek."

When he appeared a few minutes later with slick wet hair, in shiny black, store-made clothes, his boots reeking with the castor oil used to make them waterproof, his wife viewed the caricature of her husband and gave a sigh of ecstatic admiration.

"I feel just sure you'll succeed," was the feminine tribute paid his beauty. Then she took out of her apron two large apples she had gathered from the tree that took up more than half of their front yard.

"I thought as likely you might get hungry before you came back, and so I picked the two finest ones."

The man took them and stuffed them in his pocket. "That's just like you, Clarissa, allus thinkin' of me an' my comfort. Well, so long."

Senator Fenton was pacing the corridors of the capitol in an agony of suspense. He had his hands buried deep in his pockets and his face drawn into a network of anxious lines. He passed members of the house and senate alike without a sign of recognition.

"Fenton looks dead beat, don't he?" remarked one representative to another as they passed him in the rotunda and turned to look after him. "Poor devil, he takes it hard."

A bareheaded boy approached the senator. He glanced around as if he would have been glad to give some one else the opportunity of interrupting the man's absorbing reverie. "A—ah—a man to see you, senator, Higgins, I think he calls himself."

The senator looked at him a few seconds before he gathered the meaning of his words; then he turned and slowly retraced his steps toward the senate.

"I'll see him in the marble room," he said, wearily.

Mr. Higgins, perspiring freely, presented his claim. When he had finished his story he waited for a response. He waited patiently, easing himself first on one squeaking boot and then the other. He wondered vaguely if the senator was deaf, or if these were the ways of greatness. After a time the senator looked in his direction and seemed surprised to see him. He drew down his brows in an effort to remember the man's business. Then he looked at the bulging pockets of the figure in front of him.

"You have your papers with you?" he asked, tentatively.

Mr. Higgins followed the glance, and his hand sought his pocket. "No, sir," he said, drawing out an apple in each hand. "Senator Harmon has my papers. It was him who told me to see you. If you would be so good, sir, as to speak to him about it, I think as how you would see I had told you only the truth."

The senator nodded and looked toward the door. And the old man understood the invitation. He would have gone quickly, but he was hampered by the social requirement of making a farewell. His lips hung on his dry teeth. His boots were squeaking an anthem of uneasiness. The apples were still in his hand, and he pushed one out towards the senator as his voice returned to him.

"They've taken the prize at every county fair for ten years," he stammered. "Would you take one—maybe you'd like it—or if you have a child—children like the flag-red color of 'em—"

The senator extended his hand and relieved the old man of the apple.

"It is a fine one," he said, with the first gleam of interest in his manner.

When Senator Fenton reached home a trained nurse in white apron and cap met him at the door of the child's room.

"Be careful not to excite her," she warned. "Try not to let her see that you are worried."

The man crept into the room. The child lay under the covers, that were scarcely lifted by her tiny, emaciated figure.

The nurse came in with a glass feeding-cup filled with milk. The

child, seeing it, broke into feeble crying.

"Just a little," coaxed the nurse. The father added an appeal.

"O, daddy, I can't, I can't!" she sobbed. "Make her take it away."

The senator and the nurse exchanged discouraged glances, and he followed her to the door.

"Has she taken nothing to-day?"

"Absolutely nothing," replied the woman. "We dare not excite her by forcing her to take it. The hypodermics exhaust her almost as much as they strengthen her. Unless she can take food normally—into her stomach—unless we can stimulate the appetite, I am afraid—that is, the doctor says—"

He did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. He had heard it before. A little saliva trickled from between her relaxed lips. He reached into his pocket for a handkerchief, and his hand touched the apple that the old man had given him. When he had wiped her lips he showed it to her.

"Look, honey!" he exclaimed, with a brave assumption of cheer, "did you ever see such a big apple?"

She opened her eyes and looked at it wearily.

"See, it is so red—just as red as the stripes of a flag—and see, when I throw it up, it looks like a toy balloon."

Her glance followed it weakly as it coursed towards the ceiling. The man, rejoicing at this sign of interest, did as many strange things with it as his imagination admitted. It passed behind his back and came out of unexpected pockets or from under the bed-covers; once, even, it came from beneath her pillow, and she gave a little gasp of pleasure as its cool cheek touched hers. At last she motioned him, and he bent his ear towards her.

"Does it taste good, daddy?" she asked.

He took a knife from the table and peeled the apple. With the blade he scraped up a spoonful of the pulp. She opened her mouth and he put it on her tongue.

"This is our secret, birdie," he said. "If nurse knew, I am afraid she would discharge us. A little more? Well, well. Not too much, honey—some more after awhile. Well, just a tiny bit, and to-morrow morning I'll come as soon as it is light—sooner, then—and you shall have some more."

That night while the nurse was dozing the child started her by asking for something to eat.

Senator Fenton was in the barber shop waiting his turn to be shaved when a southern colleague took the seat beside him.

"By Jove, Fenton," he said, "I can't tell you how glad I am that the little one has pulled through. They tell me she looks as fine as a fiddle."

The senator's voice had a way of getting tangled when the child was mentioned. He took his friend's hand in both of his and wrung it painfully.

"Yes, yes," he answered, when he had swallowed the tangles, "she's all right—good as new. It was a hard struggle, though, and God knows how I ever endured it."

Burton shifted about in his chair, embarrassed, as men ever are when another shows his soul.

"There isn't much of anything that can stand out against modern methods in medicine, is there?" he asked.

Fenton paused before he answered. "Modern methods of medicine are all right. Dr. Johnson and the rest of them say I owe the child's life to saline solutions and that sort of thing. Maybe they're right. I'm disposed to think, though, that the human system is less of a known quantity than the average practitioner thinks it is, and that medicine is pretty far from an exact science yet. There was a time when it seemed as if a few bites of a ripe apple had pulled her through the crisis, but, of course, the doctors hoot the notion, and I'm far from willing to make an assertion that the faculty would find so incredible."

The barber motioned him to a seat. When his face was covered with lather and only one side had been cleaned smooth the electric bells from the senate set up a furious ringing. Senator Burton, still waiting for his shave, uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Quorum wanted and a—d batch of bills that nobody cares anything about," he said, disgustedly. "A lot of little claims—and, by the way, did you ever see that old fellow named Higgins that eats apples?"

The barber nearly tumbled over backward as Fenton jumped out of the chair and, wiping the lather off of the unshaven side of his face, dashed out without a word of explanation. Burton looked after him wondering, and as he took the vacated chair he remarked:

"The senator seemed to think there was a hurry."

In the senate there was something of a struggle over the batch of little claims, but they finally slid through by one vote.

The same evening Senator Fenton, driving with his little girl, found it convenient to take a road that led out across the long bridge into an adjoining county of Virginia. In the dusk they made out the little house by the large apple tree that nearly filled the tiny, fenced-in yard.

When Hiram and Clarissa heard the glorious news they fell into each other's arms and wept together.

"We'll have chickens and a cow," sobbed the woman, and the old man trumpeted in a vain effort to suppress his emotion. Fenton's eyes, too, were swimming, but when the couple turned towards him, calling down all the benedictions of heaven upon him for his goodness, he waved them aside.

"There's no credit coming to me," he laughed. "My vote was bought and paid for in advance."

**JUNE 27TH LONGEST DAY OF THE YEAR**

In June 21st the longest day in the year? According to the calendar that honor is reserved for June 27th, which is a minute longer than the 21st. If the latter date claims the honor it cannot claim it alone, for there are several days which stand with equal number of hours during which the sun shines.

On June 18, 19, 20 and 21, the sun rises and sets at the same time, rising at 4:34 and setting at 7:27. The 22nd is one minute shorter, the sun rising at 4:35 and setting at the same time as the day before. On the next four days the sun rises a minute later and sets a minute later than it did on the 21st, leaving the days equal in length on that day. On the 25, 26 and 27 the sun rises two minutes later and sets two minutes later than on the 21st, rising at 4:36 and setting at 7:29, which leaves the day equal in length with the reputed longest day.

The 27th alone stands out different from the rest. On this day the sun rises at 4:35 and sets at 7:29. These hours make this day just one minute longer than noon the 21st and its ten equals. The 21st has long been given the credit for being the longest day in the year, but to all appearances it will have to give way to the 27th for this year.

**Rev. I. W. Williamson's Letter.**

Rev. I. W. Williamson, Huntington, W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all that you claim for it." Foley's Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

Also a faint bank account note won fair lady.

**A Vital Point**

The most delicate part of a baby is its bowels. Every ailment that it suffers with attacks the bowels, also endangering in most cases the life of the infant. McGehee's Baby Elixir cures diarrhoea, dysentery, and all derangements of the stomach or bowels. Sold by Center Block Depot Drug Co.

**Summer Rates East**

Daily June 1st to Sept 30th, Inc. 1909.

**Fare For the Round Trip.**

Pueblo, Colo.	\$11.90
Colorado Springs	\$13.70
Denver	\$16.60
Kansas City, Mo.	\$31.30
St. Louis	\$40.30
Chicago, Ill.	\$46.30

Final return limit October 31st 1909

For information regarding other points, stops overs, Ect, please enquire at ticket office.

D. L. BATCHELOR, Agent.

**Summer's Call!****Do You Hear It?**

Doesn't the waking season arouse thoughts of tumbling surf, placid lakes, mountain climbing, the quest for the elusive fish, the gay life of the resorts, of riding, golfing, automobile trips; or create a yearning for indulgence in your own particular pastime?

If you hear it, heed it.

**Where Should You Go?**

Choose from among the following:

Colorado, California, The Grand Canyon, Yosemite Valley, The Northwest, The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Los Angeles, San Diego and Return, \$37.95

San Francisco, \$45.00

For the same trip one way via Portland and Seattle, \$60.00.

Tickets on sale May 6 to 13, inclusive; June 1 and 2; June 24 to July 10, inclusive; and July 27 to August 6, inclusive.

Final limit October 31, 1909. Liberal stopover privileges.

Slightly higher fares on other dates during the summer.

Santa Fe service and the famous meals by Harvey. Could anything more be desired?



Plan now. Read up about the country and its attractions. Get free folders issued account the Elks meetings; the N. E. A.; Colorado; the great Exposition, the Grand Canyon, and elsewhere.

D. L. BATCHELOR, Agent, Las Vegas, N. M.